

L2.55 THE
C O N T R I V A N C E S.

11785 a.5.
B A L L A D O P E R A.

As it is now Acted



3. Z O N D O N :
Printed for J. DowsE, opposite Fountain-Court
in the Strand. M D C C L I I I .

G H Dramatis Personæ I O D

Argus, Father to *Aretbusa*, by Mr. Collins.

Hearty, Father to *Rovewell*, by Mr. Bransby.

Rovewell, in Love with *Aretbusa*, by Mr. Lowe.

Robin, Servant to *Rovewell*, by Mr. Dunstall.

First Mob.

Second Mob.

Third Mob.

Woman Mob.

Boy.

Aretbusa, in Love with *Rovewell*, by Mrs. Chambers.

Betty, her Maid, by Mrs. Pitt.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.



come, I will go to your Castle and change you a
ever take a Disguise of Master or Jeffer.
Rob. She's fit to be a Queen I besy

CONTRIVANCES.

S C E N E, Rovewell's *Lodgings.*

Robin Solus.

Rob. **W**ELL! tho' Pimping is the most honourable and profitable of all Professions, it is certainly the most dangerous and fatiguing; but of all Fatigues, there's none like following a virtuous Mistress — There's not one Letter I carry, but I run the Risque of Kicking, Caning, or Pumping; nay, often Hanging—Let me see; I have committed three Burglaries to get one Letter to her.—Now if my Master should not get the Gipsey at last, I have ventur'd my sweet Person to a fair Purpose — But, Basta! here comes my Master and his Friend Mr. Hearty — I must hasten, and get our Disguises,

And if Dame Fortune fail us now to win her,

Ob! all ye God's above! the Devil's in her. [Exit.

4 The CONTRIVANCES:

Enter Rovewell and Hearty.

Hear. Why so melancholly, Captain? Come, come, a Man of your Gaiety and Courage shou'd never take a Disappointment so much to Heart.

Rove. 'Sdeath! to be prevented when I had brought my Design so near Perfection!

Hear, Were you less open and daring in your Attempts, you might hope to succeed — The old Gentleman, you know, is cautious to a Degree; his Daughter under a strict Confinement; Would you use more of the Fox than the Lion, Fortune, perhaps, might throw an Opportunity in your Way — But you must have Patience.

Rove. Who can have Patience, when Danger is so near? Read this Letter, and then tell me what Room there is for Patience.

Hearty Reads.
" To-morrow will prevent all our vain
Struggles to get to each other.—I am then
to be marry'd, to my eternal Aversion;
you know the Fop, 'tis Cuckoo, who having
a large Estate, is forc'd upon me; but my
Heart can be none but Rovewell's: Imme-
diately after the Receipt of this, meet
Betty at the old Place; there is yet one
Invention left, if you pursue it closely, you
may perhaps release her, who wou'd be
your —

ARETHUSA.

Rove.

A BALLAD OPERA.

Rove. Yes, *Aretbusa*, I will release thee, or die in the Attempt. Dear Friend, excuse my Rudeness; you know the Reason.

AIR.

*I'll face ev'ry Danger
To rescue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger
Where Love is sincere.*

*Repulses but fire us,
Despair we despise,
If Beauty inspire us
To pant for the Prize.*

[Exit.]

Hear. Well, go thy Way, and get her, for thou deserv'st her o' my Conscience. — How have I been deceiv'd in this Boy? I find him the very Reverse of what his Step-mother represented him; and am now sensible it was only her ill Usage that forc'd my Child away — His not having seen me since he was five Years old, renders me a perfect Stranger to him — under that Pretence I have got into his Acquaintance, and find him all I wish — If this Plot of his fails, I believe my Money must buy him the Girl at last. [Exit.]

SCENE

The CONTRIVANCES:

S C E N E, *A Chamber in Argus's House.*
Arethusa Sola.

A I R.

Are. See ! the radiant Queen of Night
Sheds on all her kindly Beams ;
Gilds the Plains with cheerful Light,
And Sparkles in the silver Streams.

Smiles adorn the Face of Nature,
Tasteless all Things yet appear,
Unto me a hapless Creature,
In the Absence of my Dear.

Enter Argus.

Arg. Pray, Daughter, what Linguo is that same
you chaunt and sputter out at this rate ?

Are. English, Sir.

Arg. English, Quotha ! adod I took it to be
Nonsense.

Are. 'Tis a Hymn to the Moon.

Arg. A Hymn to the Moon ! I'll have none
of your Hymns in my House——give me the
Book, Housewife.

Are. I hope, Sir, there is no Crime in read-
ing a harmless Poem.

Arg. Give me the Book, I say ; Poems with
a Pox ! what are they good for but to blow up
the Fire of Love, and make young Wenchess
wanton ;—but I have taken Care of you, Mi-
stress ! for To-morrow you shall have a Hus-
band to stay your Stomach, and no less a Per-
son than 'Squire Cuckoo.

Are.

A BALLAD OPERA.

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Are. You will not surely be so cruel to marry me to a Man I cannot love.

Arg. Why, what Sort of a Man wou'd you have, Mrs. Minx?

A I R.

Are. Genteel in Personage,
Conduct in Equipage,
Noble by Heritage,
Gen'rous and Free.

Brave, not Romantick;

Learn'd, not Pedantick;

Frolick, not Frantick;

This must be He.

Honour Maintaining,

Meanness Dismaying,

Still Entertaining,

Engaging and New;

Neat, but not Finical;

Sage, but not Cynical;

Never Tyrannical;

But ever true.

Arg. Why is not Mr. Cuckoo all this? adoid he's a brisk young Fellow, and a little Feather-bed Doctrine will soon put the Captain out of your Head; and to put you out of his Power, you shall be given over to the Squire To-morrow.

Are. Surely, Sir, you will at least defer it one Day,

Arg. No, nor one Hour — To-morrow Morning at Eight of the Clock precisely — In the mean Time, take Notice the Squire's Sister is hourly expected; so pray do you be civil and

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and sociable with her, and let me have none of your Pouts and Glouts, as you tender my Displeasure.

[Exit.]

Are. To-morrow is short Warning; but we may be too cunning for you yet, old Gentleman.

Enter Betty.

Are. O *Betty!* welcome a thousand times! what News? Have you seen the Captain?

Bet. Yes, Madam; and if you were to see him in his new Rigging, you'd split your Sides with Laughing—Such a Hoyden, such a Piece of Country Scuff, you never set your Eyes on—but the Petticoats are soon thrown off, and if good Luck attends us, you may easily conjure Miss *Malkin*, the 'Squire's Sister, into your own dear Captain.

Are. But when will they come?

Bet. Instantly, Madam; he only stays to settle Matters for our Escape. He's in deep Consultation with his Privy-Counsellor *Robin*, who is to attend him in the Quality of a Country Futt—they'll both be here in a Moment; so let's ingrand pack up the Jewels, that we may be ready at once to leap into the Saddle of Liberty, and ride full Speed to your Desires.

Are. Dear *Betty*, let's make Haste; I think ev'ry Moment an Age till I'm free from this Bondage.

A I R.

A BALLAD OPERA.

9

A I R.

*When Parents obstinate and cruel prove,
And force us to a Man we cannot love,
'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid Elves,
And wisely get us Husbands for ourselves.*

Bet. There they are — in, in.

[*A knocking without.*

Argus from above.

Arg. You're woundy hasty, methinks, to knock at that Rate — This is certainly some Courtier come to borrow Money, I know it by the saucy Rapping of the Footman — Who's at the Door ?

Rob. Tummos ! [Without Doors.

Arg. Tummos ! who's Tummos ? Who wou'd you speak with, Friend ?

Rob. With young Master's Vathet-in-Law that mun be, Master Hardguts.

Arg. And what's your Business wth Master Hardguts ?

Rob. Why young Mistress is come out o' the Country to see Brother's Wife that mun be, that's all.

Arg. Odso, the 'Squire's Sister ; I'm sorry I made her wait so long.

[Goes down and lets 'em in.

B

SCENE

to The CONTRIVANCES:

S C E N E, A Chamber.

Argus introducing Rovewell in Woman's Cloaths,
follow'd by Robin as a Clown.

Arg. Save you, fair lady, you're welcome to Town (*Rovewell courtesey*)—a very modest Maiden truly. How long have you been in Town?

Rob. Why an Hour and a Bit, or so—we just put up Horses at *King's-Arms* yonder, and staid a Crum to zee poor Things feed, for your *London Ostlers* give little enough to poor Beasts; and you stond not by 'em your zell, and see 'em fed, as soon as your Back's turn'd, adod they'll cheat you afore your Face.

Arg. Why how now, *Clodpate*? are you to speak before your Mistress, and with your Hat on too? Is that your Country Breeding?

Rob. Why and it's on, it's on, and it's off, it's off—what cares *Tummos*, for your false-hearted *London Compliments*? and you'd have an Answer from young Mistress, you mun look to *Tummos*; for she's so main bashful, she never speaks one Word, but her Prayers, and thos'n so softly, than no Body can hear her.

Arg. I like her the better for that; Silence is a heav'ly Virtue in a Woman, but very rare to be found in this wicked Place — Have you seen your Brother, pretty Lady! since you came to Town? (*Rovewell courtesey*) O miraculous Modesty! wou'd all Women were thus? Can't you

A BALLAD OPERA. II

you speak, Madam? [Rovewell courteseys again.

Rob. And you get a Word from her, 'tis more nor she has spoken to us these fourscore and seven long Miles; but young Mistress will prate fast enough, and you set her among your Women Volk.

Arg. Say'st thou so, honest Fellow! I'll send her to those that have Tongue enough, I warrant you. Here *Betty*!

Enter Betty.

Take this young Lady to my Daughter; tis 'Squire Cuckoo's Sister; and, d'ye here? make much of her I charge you.

Bet. Yes, Sir—please to follow me, Madam,

Rov. Now you Rogue, for a Lye an Hour and a half long, to keep the old Fellow in Suspence.

[*Aside to Robin.*

[*Exit with Betty.*

Rob. Well, Master! don't you think my Mistress a dainty young Woman?—She's wonderfully bemir'd in our Country for her Shapes.

Arg. Oh, she's a fine Creature, indeed! — But where's the 'Squire, honest Friend?

Rob. Why one cannot find a Mon out in this same *Londonshire*, there are so many Taveruns and Chocklin Housen; you may as well seek a Needle in a Hay-sardel, as they Say'n i'the Country.—I was at 'Squire's Lodging yonder, and there was no body but a prate-apace Whorson of a Foot-boy, and he told me Maister

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was at Chocklin-house, and all the while the Vixen did nothing but taunt and laugh at me ; — I cod I cou'd have found in my Heart to have gi'n him a good Wherrit in the Chops. So I went to one Chocklin-house, and t'other Chocklin-house, till I was quite a weary, and I cou'd see nothing but a many People supping hot Suppings, and reading your Gazing Papers : We had much ado to find out your Worship's House ; the vixen Boys set us o'thick Side, and that Side, till we were quite almost lost, and it were not for an honest Fellow that know'd your Worship, and set us i'the right Way.

Arg. It's a pity they shou'd use Strangers so ; but as to your young Mistress, does she never speak ?

Rob. Adod, Sir, never to a Mon ; why she wo-not speak to her own Father, she's so main bashful.

Arg. That's strange, indeed ! But how does my Friend, Sir *Roger* ? He's well, I hope.

Rob. Hearty still, Sir.—He has drunk down six Foxhunters sin last *Lammas* ! — He holds his old Course still, twenty Pipes a Day, a Cup of Mum in the Morning, a Tankard of Ale at Noon, and three Bottles of Stingo at Night. The same Mon now he was thirty Years ago, and young 'Squire *Edward* is just come from Varsity : Lawd, he's mainly grow'd since you saw him : He's a fine proper tall Gentleman now ; why he's near upon as tall as you or I, mun.

Arg.

A BALLAD OPERA. 13

Arg. Good now, good now ! But wou'dst drink, honest Friend ?

Rob. I don't care an I do, a Bit or so ; for, o say Truth, I'm mortal dry.

Arg. Here, John ! —

Enter Servant.

Take this honest Fellow down, and make him welcome. When your Mistress is ready to go we'll call you.

Rob. Ay ! pray take Care and make much of me, for I am a bitter honest Fellow and you did but know me. [Exit Robin with Serv.

Arg. These Country Fellows are very blunt, but very honest. I wou'd fain hear his Mistress talk. He said she'd find her Tongue when she was amongst those of her own Sex.—I'll go listen for once, and hear what the young Tits have to say to one another. [Exit.

Enter Rovewell, Arethusa, and Betty.

Rove. Dear *Arethusa*, delay not the Time thus, your Father will certainly come in and surprize us.

Bet. Let's make Hay while the Sun shines, Madam ! I long to be out of this Prison.

Are. So do I, but not on the Captain's Conditions, to be his Prisoner for Life.

Rove. I shall run mad if you trifle thus : Name your Conditions ; I sign my Consent before-hand. [Kisses her.

Are.

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Are, Indeed, Captain, I'm afraid to trust you.

A I R.

*Cease to persuade,
Nor say you love sincerely,
When you've betray'd
You'll treat me most severely ;
And fly what once you did pursue.*

*Happy the Fair,
Who ne'er believes you,
But gives Despair,
Or else deceives you,
And learns Inconstancy from you.*

*Rove. Unkind Arethusa ! I little expected
this Usage from you.*

A I R.

*When did you see
Any Falshood in me,
That thus you unkindly suspect me ;
Speak, speak your Mind,
For I fear you're iuclin'd,
In Spite of my Truth to reject me.*

*If t' must be so,
To the Wars I will go,
Where Danger my Passion shall smother ;
I'd rather perish there
Than linger in Despair,
Or see you in the Arms of another.*

Enter Argus behind.

*Arg. So, so, this is as it shou'd be ; they
are as gracious as can be already — How the
young Tit smuggles her ! Adod, she kisses
with a hearty good Will.*

Are.

A BALLAD OPERA.

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Are. I must confess, Captain, I am half im-
lin'd to believe you.

Arg. Captain ! how's this ? bless my Eye-
ght ! I know the Villain now ; but I'll be even
with him.

Bet. Dear Madam, don't trifle so, the Par-
son's at the very next Door, you'll be tackt
together in an Instant, and then I'll trust you
to come back to your Cage again, if you can
do it with a safe Conscience.

Arg. Here's a treacherous Jade ! but I'll do
our Business for you, Mrs. Jezebel.

Bet. Consider, Madam, what a Life you
lead here ; what a jealous, ill-natur'd, watch-
ful, covetous, barbarous, old Cuff of a Fa-
ther you have to deal with — what a glorious
Opportunity this is, and what a sad, sad, very
bad Thing it is to die a Maid !

A I R.

Would you live a stale Virgin for ever,

Sure you're out of your Senses,

Or these are Pretences ;

Can you part with a Person so clever ?

In Troth you are highly to blame

And you, Mr. Lover, to trifl ;

I thought that a Soldier,

Was wiser and bolder !

A Warrior should plunder and rifle ;

A Captain ! — Oh, fy for Shame !

Arg. If that Jade dies a Maid, I'll die a
Martyr.

Bet.

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Bet. In short, Madam, if you stay much longer you may repent it every Vein in your Heart—the old Hunks will undoubtedly pop in upon us and discover all, and then we're undone for ever.

Arg. You may go to the Devil for ever, Mrs. *Impudence*.

Are. Well, Captain, if you shou'd deceive me,

Rov. If I do, may Heav'n ! —

Are. Nay, no swearing Captain, for I fear you shou'd prove like the rest of your Sex.

Rove. How can you doubt me, *Aretbusa* when you know how much I love you ?

Arg. A wheedling Dog ! But I'll spoil his Sport anon.

Bet. Come, come away, dear Madam ! — have the Jewels ; but stay, I'll go first and see if the Coast be clear. [Argus meets her]

Arg. Where are you going, pretty Maiden

Bet. Only, do—do—do—down Stairs, Sir.

Arg. And what hast thou got there, Child

Bet. Nothing but Pi—Pi—Pi—Pins, Sir.

Arg. Here, give me the Pins, and do you go to Hell Mrs. *Minks*. D'ye hear, out of my House this Moment, These are Chamber Jades, forsooth ! — O *Tempora ! O Mores* what an Age is thi ? Get you in, Forsooth I'll talk with you anon. [Exit *Aretbusa*.] So Captain, are those your Regimental Cloaths I'll assure you they become you mightily ;

you did but see yourself now, how much like a
Herd you look! *Ecce Signum!* ha! ha! ha! &c.

Rov. Blood and Fury! stop your Grinning,
or I'll stretch your Mouth with a Vengeance!

Arg. Nay, nay, Captain *Belfwagger*, if you're
so passionate, it's high Time to call Aid and
Assistance! Here *Richard*, *Thomas*, *John*, help
me to lay hold on this Fellow; you have no
Sword now, Captain, no Sword, d'ye mark me?

Enter Servants and Robin.

Rov. But I have a Pistol, Sir, at your Service.
[*Putts out a Pistol.*]

Arg. O Lord! O Lord!

Rov. And I'll unload it in your Breast, if you
stir one Step after me. [Exit.]

Arg. A bloody-minded Dog! But lay hold
on that Rogue there; that Country Cheat.

Rob. See here, Gentlemen, are two little Bull-
dogs of the same Breed [*Presenting two Pistols*]—
they are wonderful Scourers of the Brain; —
so that if you offer to molest or follow me—
you understand me, Gentlemen, you under-
stand me. [Exit.]

1st Ser. Yes, yes, we understand you with a
Pox.

2d Ser. The Devil go with 'em, I say.

Arg. Ay, ay, good bye to you, in the Devil's
Name.—A terrible Dog! what a Fright he
has put me in?—I shan't be myself this Month;
and you, ye cowardly Rascals, to stand by and

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see my Life in Danger ; get out, ye Slaves, out of my House, I say—I'll put an End to all this ; for I'll not have a Servant in the House.—I'll carry all the Keys in my Pocket, and never sleep more. What a murthering Son of a Whore is this ! But I'll prevent him ; for To-morrow she shall be marry'd certainly, and then my furious Gentlemen can have no Hopes left.—A Jezabel, to love a Red-coat without any Money ! — Had he but Money, if he wanted Sense, Manners, or even Manhood itself, it matter'd not a Pin ;—but to want Money is the Devil ! — Well, I'll secure her under Lock and Key till To-morrow ; and if her Husband can't keep her from Captain-Hunting, e'en let her bring him home a fresh Pair af Horns ev'ry Time she goes out upon the Chace. [Exit.

S C E N E, A Chamber.

Arethusa discover'd sitting melancholly on a Couch.

A I R.

O leave me to complain

My Loss of Liberty ;

I never more shall see my Swain,

Or ever more be free.

O cruel, cruel Fate !

What Joy can I receive,

When in the Arms of one I hate,

I'm doom'd, alas ! to live in art-heg and

bas yd, basft of glostas I gibinwoe ey, uoy bnt ^{ye}
soe

A BALLAD OPERA. T 19.

*Ye pitying Pow'rs above,
That see my Soul's Distress;
O! bring me back the Man I love,
Or take my Life away.*

Enter Argus.

Arg. So, Lady ! you're welcome home !— See how the pretty Turtle sits moaning the Loss of her Mate !—What, not a Word, *Thusy*? not a Word, Child ? Come, come, don't be in the Dumps now, and I'll fetch the Captain, or the 'Squire's Sister, perhaps they may make it prattle a bit—Ah ! ungracious Girl ! is all my Care come to this ? Is this the Gratitude you shew your Uncle's Memory, to throw away what he bustled so hard for at so mad a Rate ? Did he leave you 12,000 £. think you, to make you no better than a Soldier's Trull, to follow a Camp ? To carry a Knap-sack ? This is what you'd have, Mistress, is it not ?

Are. This, and ten Thousand Times worse, were better with the Man I love, than to be chain'd to the nauseous Embraces of one I hate.

Arg. A very dutiful Lady indeed ! I'll make you sing another Song, To-morrow ; and till then, I'll leave you in *Salva Custodia* to consider.—By e *Thusy* !

Are. How barbarous is the Covetousness and Caution of ill-natur'd Parents ? They toil for Estates with a View to make Posterity happy, and then, by mistaken Prudence, they

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match us to our Aversion; but I am resolved not to suffer tamely, however: — They shall see, tho' my Body's weak, my Resolution's strong; and I may yet find Spirit enough to plague them.

A I R.

Sooner than I'll my Love forego,

And lose the Man I prize,

I'll bravely combat ev'ry Woe,

Or fall a Sacrifice.

Nor Bolts, nor Bars, shall me constraint,

I Death and Danger dare;

Restraint but fires the active Soul,

And urges fierce Despair.

The Window now shall be my Gate,

I'll either fall or fly;

Before I'll live with him I hate,

For him I love I'll die.

[Exit.]

S C E N E, the Street.

Heartwell and Rovewell meeting.

Rove. So, my dear Friend, here already! — This is kind.

Heart. Sure, Captain, this Lady must have some extraordinary Merit, for whom you undertake such Difficulties! What are her particular Charms, besides her Money?

Rov. I'll tell you, Sir,

A I R.

A I R.

The Words by another Hand.

Without Affectation, Gay, Youthful, and Pretty;
Without Pride and Meanness, Familiar and Witty;
Without Forms obliging, Good-natur'd and Free;
Without Art as lovely, as lovely can be.

She acts what she thinks, and she thinks what she says,
Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise.
Her Thoughts and her Words, and her Actions are such
That none can admire 'em, or praise her too much.

Heart. Well, Success attend you.—You
now where to find me, when there's Occa-
on? [Exit.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir! I want to speak with you.
[Whispers Rovewell.

Rove. Is your Mistress lock'd up, say you?

Boy. Yes, Sir, and Betty's turn'd away, and
all the Men Servants; and there's no living
oul in the House but our old Cook-maid, and
and my Master, and Mrs. Thusy; and she
ries, and cries, her Eyes out almost.

Rove. O! the tormenting News! But if the
Garrison is so weak, the Castle may be the
sooner storm'd. How did you get out?

Boy. Thro' the Kitchen Window, Sir.

Rove. Shew me the Window presently.

Boy. A-lack-a-day, it won't do, Sir! That
lot won't take!

Rove.

22 The CONTRIVANCES:

Rove. Why, Sirrah?

Boy. You are something too big, Sir.

Rove. I'll try that, however.

Boy. Indeed, Sir, you can't get your Leg in
but I cou'd put you in a Way.

Rove. How, dear Boy?

Boy. I can lend you the Key of Mrs. Thuby's
Chamber—If you can contrive to get into the
House—But you must be sure to let my
Mistress out.

Rove. How could'st thou get it? This is
almost a Miracle.

Boy. I pick'd it out of my Master's Coat-
Pocket this Morning, Sir, as I was brushing
him.

Rove. That's my Boy! there's Money for
you: This Child will come to Good in Time.

Boy. My Master will miss me, Sir, I must
go; but I wish you good Luck. [Exit.

Arethusa at the Window above.

A Dialogue between her and Rovewell.

Rov. Make haste and away, my only Dear;

Make haste, and away, away!

For all at the Gate,

Your true Lover does wait.

And I prithee make no Delay.

Are

Are. O how shall I steal away, my Love!

O how shall I steal away!

My Daddy is near,

And I dare not for fear;

Pray come then another Day.

Rove. O this is the only Day, my Life,

O this is the only Day;

I'll draw him aside,

While you throw the Gates wide,

And then you may steal away.

Are. Then prithee make no Delay, my Dear,

Then prithee make no Delay;

We'll serve him a Trick,

For I'll slip in the Nick,

And with my true Love away.

C H O R U S.

O Cupid, befriend a loving Pair,

O Cupid, befriend us, we pray,

May our Stratagem take,

For thine own sweet Sake,

And, Amen! let all true Lovers say.

[Arethusa withdraws.]

Enter Robin as a Lawyer, and Soldiers.

Rob. So, my Hearts of Oak, are you all ready?

Sold. Yes, an't please your Honour.

Rove. You know your Cue then—to your oot. [They retire to a Corner of the Stage; be knocks smartly at the Door.

Rob. What, are you all asleep, or dead in the House, that you can't hear? [Argus holding the Door in his Hand.

Arg.

Arg. Sir ! you are very hasty, methinks.
Rob. Sir ! My Business requires Haste.

Arr. Sir ! you had better make Haste

Arg. Sir ! you had better make Haste about it, for I know no Business you have here.

Rob. Sir, I am come to talk with you about
an Affair of Consequence.

Arg. Sir, I don't love talking; I know you not, and consequently can have no Affairs with you.

Rob. Sir ! Not know me.

Arg. Sir ! it's enough for me to know myself.

Rob, A damn'd thwarting old Dog this sam-

[Asid] Sir, I live but in the next Street. [To him]

Arg. Sir ! if you liv'd at Jamaica 'tis the same Thing to me.

Rob. [Aside.] I find coaxing won't do,
must change my Note, or I shall never unken-
nel this old Fox— [To him.] Well, Mr. Argu-
there's no Harm done, so take your Leave
3000*l.* you have enough of your own already

Arg. How! 3000 l. I must enquire into this. [Aside.] Sir! a Word with you.

Rob. Sir I have nothing to say to you,
took you to be a prudent Person, that knew
the Worth of Money, and how to improve it
but I find I'm deceiv'd.

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Arg. Sir, I hope you'll excuse my Rudeness ; but, you know, a Man cannot be too cautious.

Rob. Sir, that's true, and therefore I excuse you, but I'd take such Treatment from no Man in *England* besides yourself.

Arg. Sir, I beg your Pardon ; but to the Business.

Rob. Why thus it is : A Spend-thrift young Fellow, is galloping thro' a plentiful Fortune ; I have lent 2000*l.* upon it already, and if you'll advance an Equivalent, we'll foreclose the whole Estate, and share it between us ; for I know he can never redeem it.

Arg. A very civil judicious Man ; I'm sorry I affronted him (*Afide.*) But how is this to be done ?

Rob. Very easily, Sir — A Word in your Ear ; a little more this Way.

[Draws him aside, the Soldiers get between him and the Door.]

Arg. But the Title, Sir, the Title.

Rob. Do you doubt my Veracity ?

Arg. Not in the least, Sir ; but one cannot be too sure.

Rob. That's very true, Sir ; and therefore I'll make sure of you now I have you.

[Robin trips up his Heels ; the Soldiers blindfold and gag him, and stand over him while Rovewell carries Arethusa off.]

26. The CONTRIVANCES:

after which they leave him, he making a great Noise.

Enter Mob.

All. What's the Matter? What's the Matter?
[They ungag him, &c.

Arg. O Neighbours, I'm robb'd and murder'd, ruin'd and undone for ever.

1st Mob. Why, What's the Matter, Master?

Arg. There's a whole Legion of Thieves in my House; they gagged and blindfolded me, and offer'd forty naked Swords at my Breast—I beg of you assist me, or they'll strip the house in a Minute.

2d Mob. Forty drawn Swords, say you, Sir?

Arg. Ay, and more I think on my Conscience.

2d Mob. Then look you, Sir, I'm a marry'd Man, and have a large Family, I wou'd not venture amongst such a Parcel of Blood-thirsty Rogues for the World; but if you please, I'll run and call a Constable.

All. Ay, Ay, call a Constable, call a Constable.

Arg. I shan't have a Penny left, if we stay for a Constable—I am but one Man, and as old as I am, I'll lead the Way, if you'll follow me.
[Goes in.

All. Ay, ay, in, in, follow, follow, Huzza!

1st Mob. Prithee Jack, do you go in, if you come to that.

3d Mob.

3d Mob. I go in ! what shou'd I go in for ?
I have lost nothing.

Wom. What, no body to help the poor old Gentleman ; odds bobs ! if I was a Man, I'd follow him myself.

3d Mob. Why don't you then ? What occasionableness have I to be kill'd for him, or you either.

Enter Robin as Constable.

All. Here's Mr. Constable, here's Mr. Constable.

Rob. Silence, in the King's Name.

All. Ay, Silence, Silence.

Rob. What's the Meaning of this Riot ? Who makes all this Disturbance !

1st Mob. I'll tell you, Mr. Constable.

3d Mob. And't please your Worship, let me speak.

Rob. Ay, this Man talks like a Man of Parts—What's the Matter, Friend ?

3d Mob. And't please your noble Worship's Honour and Glory, we are his Majesty's liege Subjects, and were terrify'd out of our Habitations and Dwelling-places by a Cry from abroad, which your noble Worship must understand was occasionable by the Gentleman of this House, who was so unfortunable as to be kill'd by Thieves, who are now in his House, to the Numberation of above forty,

28 THE CONTRIVANCES:

and't please your Worship, all compleatly arm'd with Powder and Ball, Back-swords, Pistols, Bayonets, and Blunderbusses.

2d Mob. But what is to be done in this Case?

3d Mob. Why an please your Worship, knowing your noble Honour to be the King's Majesty's noble Officer of the Peace, we thought 'twas best your Honour should come and terrify these Rogues away with your noble Authority,

Rob. Well said, very well said, indeed! — Gentlemen, I am the King's Officer, and I command you, in the King's Name, to aid and assist me to call those Rogues out of the House — Who's within there? I charge you come out in the King's Name, and submit yourselves to our Royal Authority.

Argus from the House.

2d Mob. This is the Gentleman that was kill'd, and't please your Worship.

Arg. O! Neighbours! I'm ruin'd and undone for ever! They have taken away all that's dear to me in the World.

1st Mob. That's his Money; 'tis a sad covetous Dog.

Rob. Why what's the Matter? What have they done?

Arg. O! they have taken my Child from me, my *Tbusy*.

Rob.

A BALLAD OPERA.

29

Rob. Good luck !

3d Mob. Marry come up, what Valuation
n she be—But have they taken nothing else?

Arg. Wou'd they had stript my House of
'ry Pennyworth, so they had left my Child.

1st Mob. That's a Lye, I believe ; for he loves
s Money more than his Soul, and wou'd
oner part with that than a Groat.

Arg. This is the Captain's Doings ; but I'll
ave him hang'd.

Rob. But where are the Thieves ?

Arg. Gone, gone, beyond all Hopes of Pur-
it.

2d Mob. What ! are they gone then !—Come
eighbours, let us go in, and kill every Mo-
er's Child of 'em.

Rob. Hold, I charge you commit no Mur-
er ; follow me, and we'll apprehend 'em.

Arg. Go Villains, Cowards, Scoundrels, or
shall suspect you are the Thieves that mean
rob me of what yet is left. How brave you
re, now all the Danger's over ? Oh ! Sirrah,
ou Dog ! (*Looking at Robin*) you are that
ogue. *Robin*, the Captain's Man, seize him
eighbours ! seize him !

Rob. (*aside.*) I don't care what you do, for
e Jobb's over, I see my Master a coming.

Arg. Why don't you seize him, I say ?

1st Mob. Not we, we have lost too much
Time about an old Fool already.

2d Mob.

30 The CONTRIVANCES:

2d Mob. Ay, the next Time you're bound
and gagg'd, you shall lie and be damn'd for me

3d Mob. Ay, and me too; come along
Neighbours, come along. [Exeunt Mob]

Enter Rovewell, Hearty, Arethusa, Betty
and Robin.

Arg. Blefs me! who have we got here
O Thusy! Thusy! I had rather never have seen
thee again, than have found you in such
Company.

Are. Sir, I hope my Husband's Company
is not criminal?

Arg. Your Husband? Who's your husband?
Huswife? that Scoundrel, Captain—out of my
Sight thou ungracious Wretch! I'll go make
my Will this Instant — and you, you Villain,
how dare you to look me in the face after a
this—I'll have you hang'd, Sirrah! I will so

Hear. O fye Brother Argus, moderate your
Passion. It ill becomes the friendship you
owe Ned Worthy, to villify and affront his only
Child, and for no other Crime than improving
that Friendship which has ever been between us.

Arg. Ha! my dear Friend alive! I hear
thou wer't dead in the Indies — and is that
thy Son? and my Godson too, if I am not
mistaken.

Hea

Hear. The very same—the last and best
remains of our Family, forc'd by my Wife's
rueuty, and my Absence, to the Army.
My Wife is since dead, and the Son she had
by her former Husband, whom she intended
heir my Estate; but Fortune guided me by
chance to my dear Boy, who after twenty
years Absence, and changing my Name,
new me not, till I just now discover'd my-
self to him and your fair Daughter, whom I
will make him deserve by thirty thousand
pound, which I brought from *India*, besides
that real Estate I may leave him at my Death.

Arg. And to match that, old Boy! my
daughter shall have every Penny of mine, be-
sides her Uncle's Legacy. Ah! you young
rogue! had I known you, I wou'd not have
brought you so roughly—however, since you have
won my girl so bravely, take her, and wel-
come—but you must excuse all Faults—the
old Man meant all for the best; you must
not be angry.

Rove. Sir, on the contrary, we ought to
beg your Pardon for the many Disquiets we
have given you; and with your Pardon, we
will give your Blessing. [They kneel.]

Arg. You have it Children, with all my
heart. Adod, I am so transported, I don't
know whether I walk or fly.

Are. May your Joy be everlasting.

Rove-

The CONTRIVANCES

Roxwell, and Arethusa Embracing.

D U E T T O.

*Thus fondly careffing,
My Idol, my Treasure,
How great is the Blessing!
How sweet is the Pleasure!
With Joy I behold thee,
And doat on thy Charms.
Thus while I enfold thee,
I've Heav'n in my Arms.*

N. B. All the Songs in this *Opera* were set to Musick by the Author.



Mr. Mayhew Job Pe classifying.
Love,

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